



The Fearful Girl.

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earth, which we inhabit, rolls in the air. I have much fear:

Of what, my dear?

I fear that it will fall.

Comfort yourself my dear, there is no danger.

If I throw my cushion up it falls



down again immediately.

Because you have no power over your pincushion; but he who has put the earth in the air, can keep it there.

I should like better that the earth was fastened to the sky, like

the moon, the sun, and
the stars.

My little dear you de-
ceive yourself.

The sun, the moon,
and the stars, roll in
the air, quite like our
world.

I should like much
to see the moon fall in
the garden.

When I was a little child I wished to have the moon.

But, my dear, if the moon were to fall, it would crush us.

Oh no, mamma ! it is so little.

My dear the moon is much bigger than you think it to be.

It is six hundred
and fixty-six leagues
in breadth.

A league is three
miles.

It is distant from
us eighty thousand
leagues.

It being so distant
from us, is the reason

that it appears to
you so little as a
plate.



The Shells.

—
Here are some pretty
shells !

From whence came
they?

Miss Peggy gave them
to me.

Do you know that
shells are found in the
sea.

Every one of these
shells has been the ha-
bitation of some fish.

How mamma! those

which are not bigger
than a pin's head ?

Why not my dear ?

You see many insects
which are not so big ;
and there are some so
little, that you cannot
see them without the
help of a glass, called
a microscope ; and yet
all these little animals

breathe, feed, and produce other little animals like themselves.

It is very astonishing!

I have already told you that the world is full of wonders; but the creator of the world is more wonderful than all that which he has made, and he

is as good as wonderful; for he has given us all things for our use, and for our pleasure.

The fruits which you love, the flowers which you take so much pleasure to gather; it is he who has prepared them for you.

All that you possess,
all the pleasures of
which you taste, it is
he who has given them
to you.

You live by his
goodness, you are fed
from the table that he
has spread for you,
you are cloathed with
his gifts.

Do not then ever
offend your benefac-
tor.



Miss Lucy.

How handsome Miss
Lucy is!

Yes ; she is very pretty.

Oh, if I were so handsome!

Think you, my dear,
that it would contribute to your happiness.

Yes ; I believe it.

Are you then not happy now ?

Yes ; I am happy enough commonly.

But sometimes you are unhappy ?

Yes ; sometimes.

When is it that you are the happiest ?

When I have been very discreet ; when I have been gentle and obliging towards my

sisters and brothers;
when I have read my
lessons well; and that
you are satisfied with
me.

And when does it
happen that you are
unhappy?

When I have been
sometimes quarrel-
some, or idle; when I

have committed faults which have offended you; then all goes wrong.

What relation then has your happiness to beauty or ugliness? I do not know why.

Then do you think that an increase of

beauty would increase
your happiness ?

It is virtue alone
which produces hap-
piness.

Though you should
be ever so beautiful,
if you were wick-
ed, you would be un-
happy, and ugliness
does not make any ob-

stacle to our happiness,
provided we behave
ourselves well, and do
our duty.

Your little face, that
I take so much pleasure
to look at, does
not charm me because
it is beautiful; but be-
cause I think I see in
it some sweetness, some

goodness and sense ;
something which seems
to tell me that you de-
fire to be a good girl,
and that you will al-
ways do your endea-
vour to be so.



The idle Girl.

I am very weary.
It is because you have

not done any thing
this morning.

That is very odd to
be wearied by not hav-
ing done any thing.

Oh! nothing wearies
more.

I have been engaged
with those two ladies,
who came to visit me,
and you have not had

the wisdom to apply yourself to any thing useful, therefore the hours have appeared much longer than common.

Your lessons serve to amuse you, and to pass the time.

If you read, you learn something new,

which employs your thoughts, and gives you pleasure.

If you work, you have joy to see your work go forward, and appear pretty; but in idleness there is nothing wherewith you can be diverted, it

leaves you languid and weary.

Observe farther, that we cannot be cheerful and happy; unless we do our duty; but we can never do our duty if we are idle and lazy; for we ought always to be employed

about something becoming and useful:

When then you are idle and unemployed, you will always feel yourself sad, in the consciousness that you have neglected your duty.



The kind Sister.

See! fee! mamma,
what a pretty present
my sister has made me!

She gave me a little
packet, I have opened
it, and what do you
think I have found in

A little card-box with
some prints !

A paper of raisins; and
then a letter !

I love to receive a let-
ter.

It is quite as if I were
a great girl.

Permit me to read it
to you.

MY DEAR SISTER,

As I love you dearly, I am rejoiced to find any opportunity to shew you my love.

I therefore send you a work-bag, and a needle-book for your doll; and if they give you joy, I shall be much pleased.

I have also sent some prints, with words written on the back; and as you read very well, I suppose you will be able easily to understand them.

I am,

My Dear,

Your affectionate Sister.

